

DEADPOOL[®]

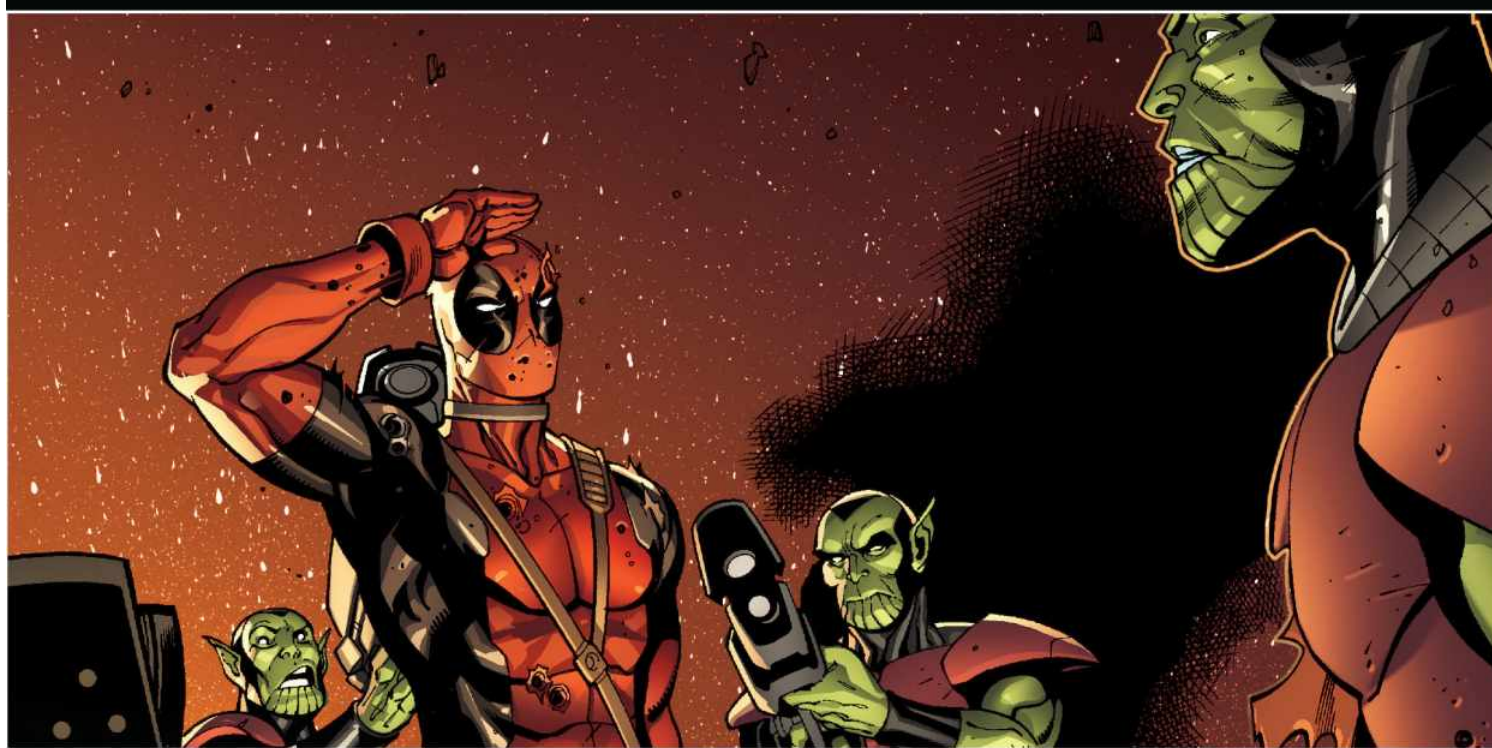
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**WAY
MEDINA
VLASCO
GRACIA**

Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast talkin' high-tech gun-for-hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

DEADPOOL



When Skrulls attack a baseball game, Deadpool, disguised as the home team's mascot, single-handedly defeats their entire unit! But just when Deadpool is about to deliver the killing blow to the Skrull commander, he switches sides...and salutes the alien invaders! What is he...insane? Well...yeah...

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"I WAS SPECIFICALLY
CREATED BY HUMANS..."

"...TO KILL
HUMANS."

ONE OF US

PART 2: ONE OF THEM



WHICH KINDA
SAYS A LOT ABOUT
THE HUMAN RACE IN
GENERAL, DON'T
YOU THINK?



"OF COURSE, IT TOOK A LONG TIME FOR THEM TO TURN ME INTO THE FINE SPECIMEN YOU SEE BEFORE YOU..."

YAAIEEEEE!

"...BUT I GOT THE FEELING THOSE CHUCKLEHEADS AT WEAPON X REALLY ENJOYED THE TIME WE SPENT TOGETHER."



"I GUESS THAT'S WHY IT CAME AS SUCH A SHOCK WHEN--AFTER THEY'D COMPLETELY USED ME UP, BODY AND SOUL--THEY THREW ME AWAY."



"I MEAN, LIKE, LITERALLY."



"WEAPON X WAS BAD."

"BUT THE PLACE WHERE THEY SENT THEIR 'FAILED EXPERIMENTS' WAS WORSE."

MY NAME IS DOCTOR KILLEBREW.

WELCOME TO MY WORKSHOP.

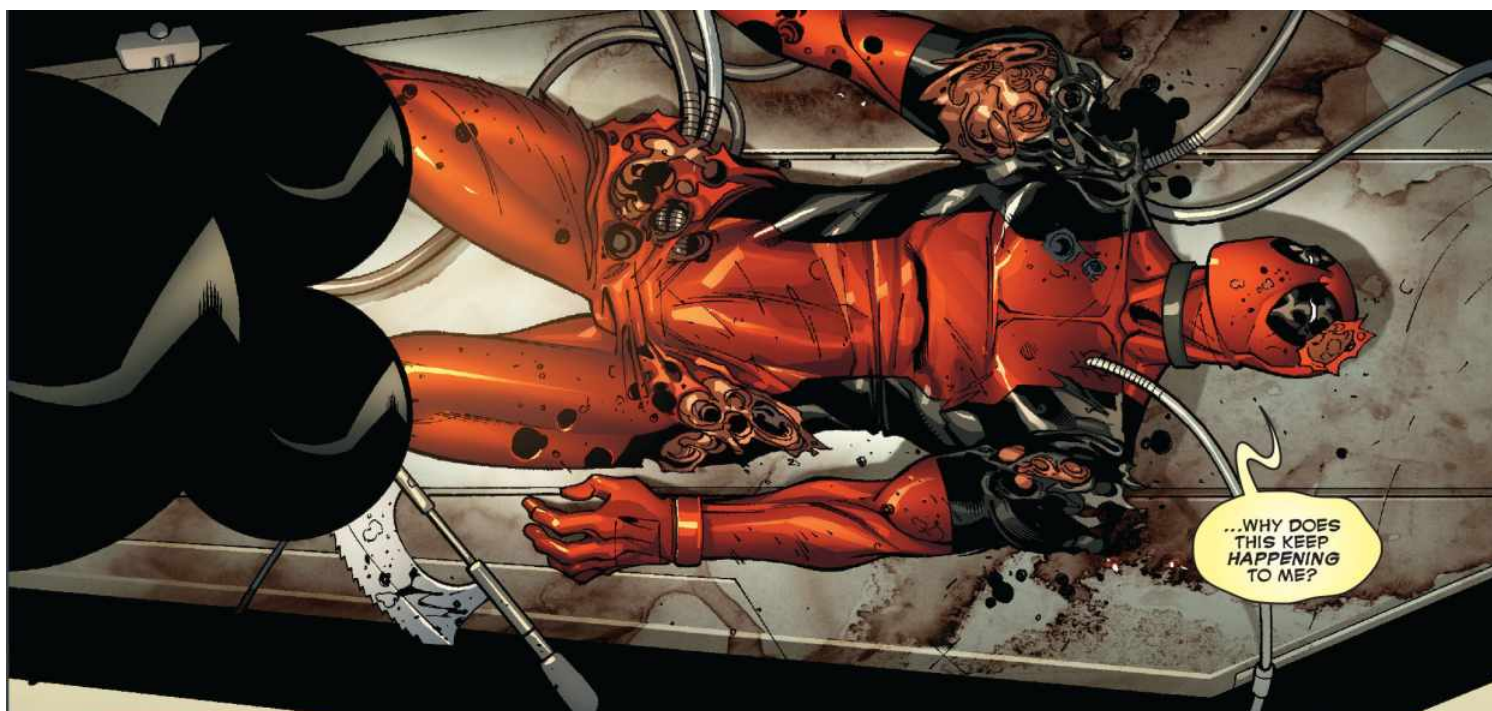


YOU
KNOW WHAT
I AM.

YOU'VE
SEEN WHAT
I CAN DO.

I WANNA BE
IN THE SKRULL
BUSINESS.





INSIDE CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN, COLORADO.

ONE OF THE MOST SECURE PLACES ON THE PLANET. FORMERLY THE BASE OF NORAD, NOW HEADQUARTERS OF THE SKRULL INVASION FORCE'S SCI-OPS DIVISION.



BE THAT AS IT MAY, THIS PARTICULAR BUG POSSESSES A REGENERATIVE FACTOR THAT'S OFF THE CHARTS.

I'M GOING TO RUSH-REQUEST THAT WE INTRODUCE THIS SPECIMEN'S GENETIC DATA INTO OUR GENESIS MATRIX, LINE-WIDE.



YOU MEAN...ALL OF THE NEXT-GEN SUPER-SKRULLS WILL BE...LIKE HIM?!



IF BY "LIKE HIM" YOU MEAN IMMUNE TO DEATH, THEN YES.

JUST LIKE HIM.

YOU LIKE ME...

YOU... REALLY LIKE ME...



ABOARD THE SKRULL COMMAND VESSEL, HIGH ABOVE EARTH:

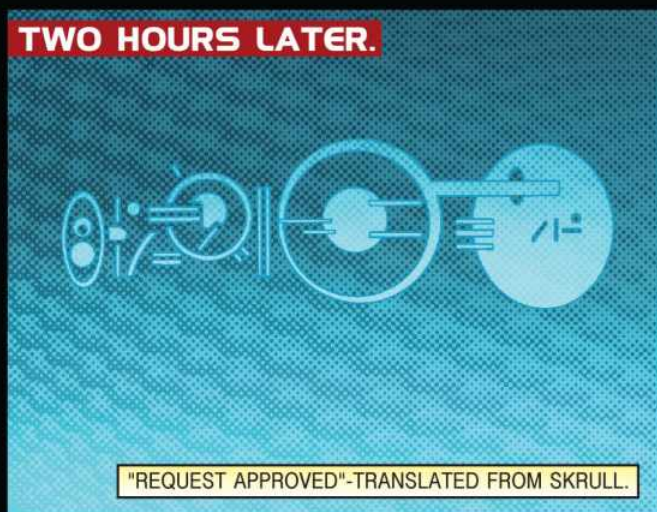


T--FORMALLY
REQUEST PERMISSION
TO PROCEED.

THE PROSPECTUS
YOU SENT DOES LOOK
PROMISING...

I EAGERLY
AWAIT THE COUNCIL'S
DECISION.

TWO HOURS LATER.



"REQUEST APPROVED"-TRANSLATED FROM SKRULL.



ACTIVATE
THE GENESIS
MATRIX.

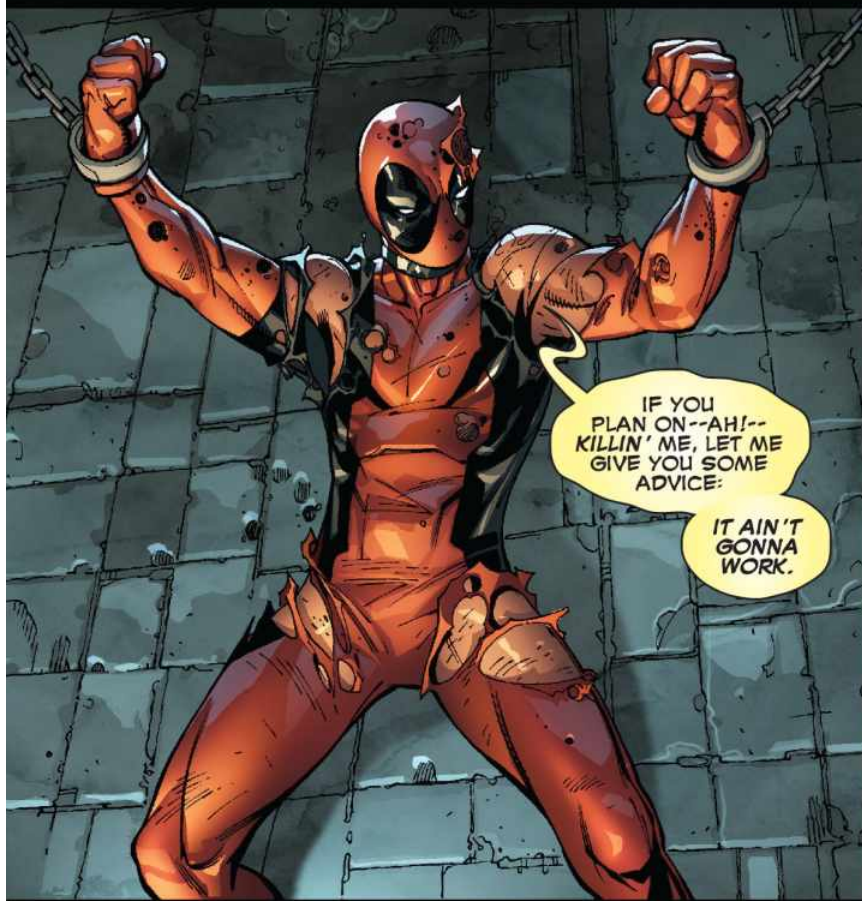


TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER.

IT IS
DONE.
THE NEXT
GENERATION OF
SUPER-SKRULLS
IS BORN...







IF YOU
PLAN ON--AH!--
KILLIN' ME, LET ME
GIVE YOU SOME
ADVICE:

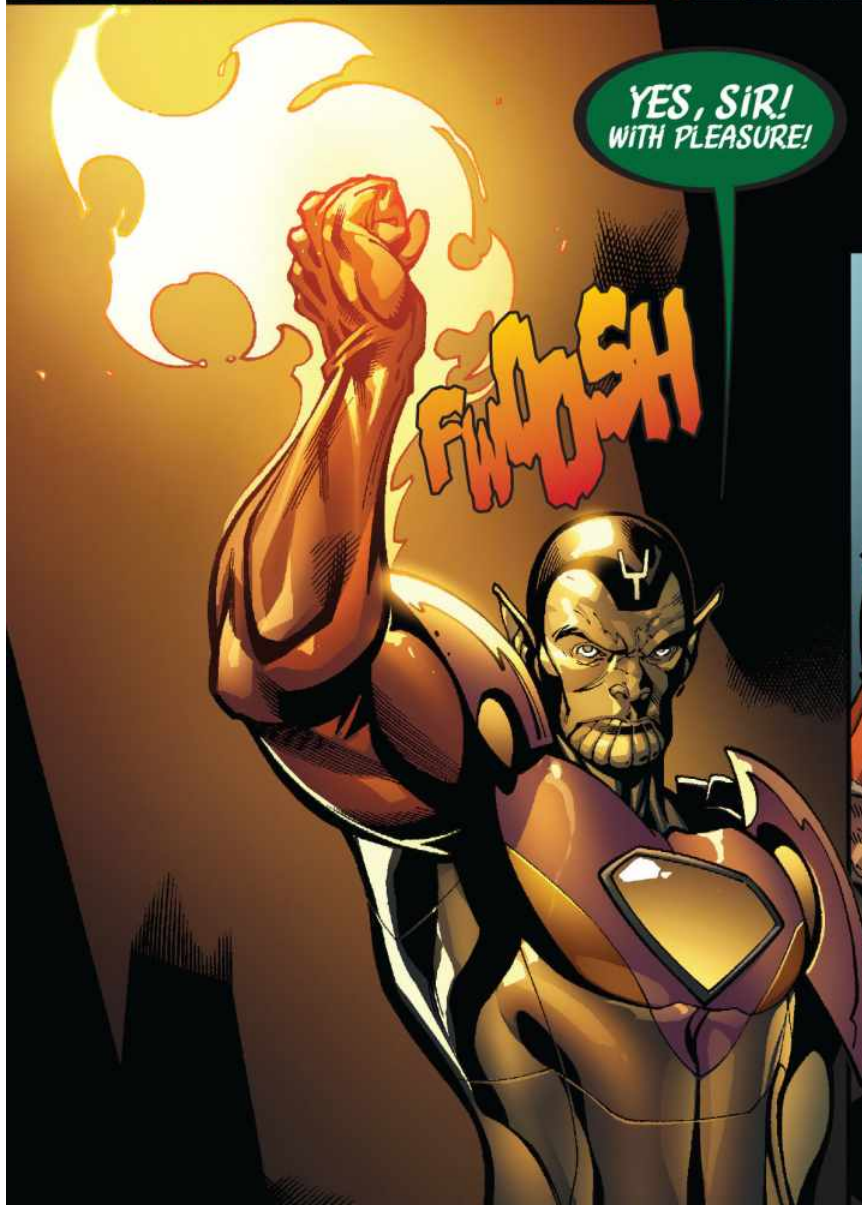
IT AIN'T
GONNA
WORK.



HMM...



I
ACCEPT YOUR
CHALLENGE.
SUPER-
SKRULL?
INCINERATE
HIM.



YES, SIR!
WITH PLEASURE!

FWOOSH



WHOA,
WHOA, WHOA--
WAIT!

LISTEN
TO ME,
EGGHEAD!









"...LET'S GET TO WORK."

OKAY, AN EXERCISE.

IN THE RED CORNER, WEIGHING IN AT A COMBINED WEIGHT OF I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY POUNDS AND PROBABLY SOME OUNCES, WE HAVE...MY GUYS.



AND IN THE GREEN CORNER, WEIGHING IN AT A LOT MORE POUNDS AND WHAT DOES IT MATTER AT THIS POINT HOW MANY OUNCES, WE HAVE...THE OTHER GUYS.

LLLLET'S GET READY TO--



Wait, do you want them to *get ready* or do you want them to actually--

YOU'RE BLOWING IT, MAN--YOU'RE A SUCKY TEACHER!

AW, CRAP...

GO!
KILL! KILL! KILL!



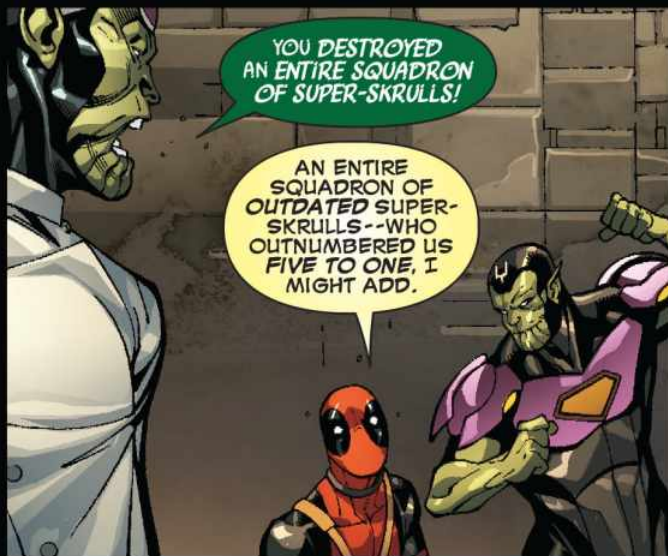


WHAT DID YOU THINK I WAS GONNA DO?

--OUCH!--

HAVE 'EM SIT IN A CLASSROOM?

FWAMM!



YOU DESTROYED AN ENTIRE SQUADRON OF SUPER-SKRULLS!

AN ENTIRE SQUADRON OF OUTDATED SUPER-SKRULLS--WHO OUTNUMBERED US FIVE TO ONE, I MIGHT ADD.



WHICH IS REMARKABLE, YES, BUT--

LOOK, WE'RE AT WAR HERE! YOU THINK GUYS LIKE WOLVERINE, BLACK PANTHER, CYCLOPS AND IRON MAN ARE GONNA PULL ANY PUNCHES? HELL NO! THEY'LL FIND YOUR WEAKNESS AND THEY'LL HIT IT WITH EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT.



BUT WHAT THEY DON'T HAVE IS ME... AND I THINK THAT I'VE FIRMLY ESTABLISHED THAT MY KUNG FU BEATS...

...YOU-KNOW-WHOSE.

WAIT--ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT ME? KUNG FU? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?!



WHAT I'M SAYING IS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TAKE DOWN THIS PLANET'S HEROES: MY WAY. USING MY METHOD.

AND WHAT IS YOUR METHOD?



MADNESS.



UGH! YOU'RE DRIVING ME INSANE!

NOT YET...









THE NEXT-GENS--
THEY'VE LOST THEIR
MINDS! THEY'RE
CUTTING EACH OTHER
TO PIECES!

BUT...THEY
WERE PERFECT!
THEY WERE...



...LIKE
HIM.



DEADPOOL
IS INSANE...HE
HAS A MENTAL
ILLNESS.

AND IN MY
HASTE, I HAVE
INFECTED THE NEXT
GENERATION OF SUPER-
SKRULLS WITH THAT
ILLNESS. THE ENTIRE
SERIES MUST BE
SCRUBBED.

SEND
IN A PURGE
UNIT.

SIR, IT
WILL TAKE
EVERYONE
TO--



THEN SEND IN
EVERYONE!



"AND SEND
THEM NOW!"



KNOCK-
KNOCK...



"SCIENCE CHIEF! IT'S...IT'S A MASSACRE! THE NEXT-GENS ARE COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL! WHAT SHOULD WE--?"

"FIND DEADPOOL! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO'S BEEN ABLE TO EXERT ANY SORT OF CONTROL OVER THESE ABOMINATIONS!"



"SIR, DEADPOOL'S NOWHERE TO BE FOUND."



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN!? WHERE THE HELL IS HE!?"

"WHERE THE HELL IS DEADPOOL!?"

KROOM!



THERE YOU ARE.

I ADMIT IT...I'M IMPRESSED.

HEY, WHAT CAN I SAY? IF THERE'S A CRIME, CALL A COP. IF THERE'S A FIRE, CALL A FIREMAN. BUT IF THERE'S A SKRULL INVASION...

